

Soldier's Monologue 1

“I just want to tell you about that night.

That man Jesus of Nazareth, well, Pilate, after all the toing and froing, in the end ordered him to be flogged.

There was such an atmosphere that night and we took him, Jesus that is, into the Palace and all the other soldiers came in to this big room– the whole troop!

We gave him a real lashing – much worse than usual. The thongs of the whip literally tore bits of his skin off! I mean, there was blood everywhere and the weal marks, they were like deep red glistening stripes across his back.

I've never seen a lashing like it – before or since. By rights he should have been dead! But he kept breathing. In fact, he mostly kept standing as well, even though we tried to beat him to the ground.

Afterwards, all the guys from the troop were there and we took off his tunic completely. Somebody got some thorns and made like a crown and shoved it down hard on his head – more blood! Trickling down his forehead and on to his face.

Then we got a purple robe and a staff to make him look like a king. We shouted ‘Hail, King of the Jews!’ and bowed down, pretending to adore him. I mean, we were really taking the p... err, mickey out of him!

Then it got more and more nasty. We spat on him and then someone grabbed the staff and hit him in the face – a lot of us joined in.

The noise! All of us shouting... and his screams...

Looking back, it was awful... horrible. It even makes me shudder to think of it. No, I really don't know how he survived all of that.

But survive it he did and then we had to take him out to go up and be crucified... but that's another story...”